MOTION PICTURE COMICS

"ROCKY" LANE IN

COVERED WAGON Raid

MAR.
10¢
NO. 103





A REPUBLIC PICTURES'
FAMOUS WESTERN STARRING
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
AND HIS STALLION
BLACK JACK

A Fawcett Publication



MYSTERY AND TREACHERY
RIDE SIDE BY SIDE IN

"COVERED WAGON RAID"

A BIG REPUBLIC PICTURES' WESTERN STARRING

"ROCKY" LANE



COVERED WAGON RAID

starring

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

And His Stallion BLACK JACK

with EDDY WALLER

Alex Gerry–Lyn Thomas–Byron Barr

Directed by R. G. Springsteen

Written by M. Coates Webster

Associate Producer, Gordon Kay

An Adaptation of

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



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COVERED WAGON RAID




ONE MORNING ON THE ROAD TO CHANDLERVILLE...
WILL OUR NEW HOUSE BE BIG, DADDY?
I'VE ENOUGH MONEY IN THIS BOX TO BUY A GREAT BIG PLACE, SUSIE.
I WISH MOMMIE COULD BE THERE, TOO.
SO DO I, SUSIE. BUT YOU AND I WILL GET ALONG, -- SOMEHOW.
BUT HOSTILE EYES WATCH...
THERE'S THAT WAGON NOW, BRAG.
ALL RIGHT, GRIF. LET'S GO!
DADDY! THOSE MEN ARE SHOOTING AT US!
COME ON, YOU BANGTAILS-- HAUL FREIGHT!
BANG
SUSIE-- GET DOWN! ARRGH!
DADEE-EE!
BLAM!
ALL RIGHT! HOLD THE HORSES. I'LL GET THE STRONG-BOX.
NO--NO! IT'S ALL I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD. PLEASE... PLEASE...
TRY TO STOP ME, WILL YOU? THIS'LL LEARN YOU!
UH!

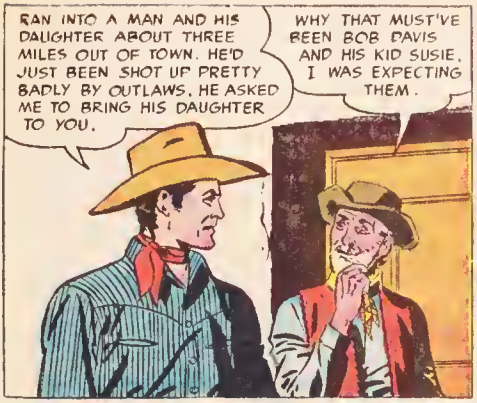

BUT NEARBY, ROCKY LANE OBSERVES THE ATTACK...
A HOLD-UP! COME ON, BLACK JACK, LET'S RIDE!
HEY, WHAT TH--?!
BANG!
LET'S MAKE TRACKS, BRAG. THAT HOMBRE'S TOO GOOD WITH HIS SHOOTING IRONS!
CAN'T CHASE THEM - THE WAGON'S OUT OF CONTROL!
I'D BETTER CHECK ON THAT DRIVER. HE'S BEEN SHOT UP BADLY.
WAIT, WHAT'S THIS BACK HERE? IT'S A LITTLE GIRL-- AND SHE'S--

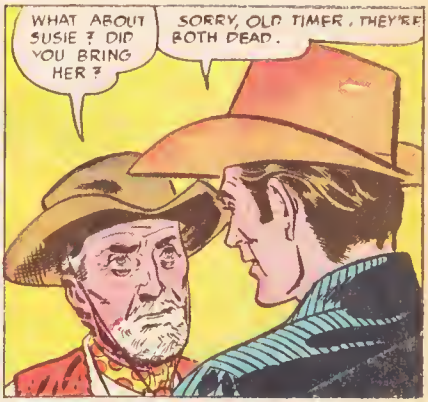

MY DAUGHTER, IS SHE ALL RIGHT?
SHE--SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
SHE'S DEAD, BUT I CAN'T TELL HIM. HE'S DYING HIMSELF!
GET HER-- TO NUGGET CLARK-- CHANDLERVILLE-- PROMISE?
NUGGET CLARK-- CHANDLERVILLE. I PROMISE.
HE'S DEAD. I HAD TO TELL HIM A WHITE LIE, BUT AT LEAST HE DIED IN PEACE.
SAY, WHAT'S THIS IN HIS HAND? IT LOOKS LIKE PART OF A WATCH FOB. I'LL JUST HOLD ON TO IT.
NOT LONG AFTERWARD IN CHANDLERVILLE...
WE WERE PLUMB LUCKY TO GET BACK FROM THAT JOB IN ONE PIECE.
THAT HOMBRE WAS SURE DEATH WITH A SIX-GUN.
THREE MONKEYS
SALOON
AH, WELCOME, GENTLEMEN! I TRUST YOU BOYS HAVE DONE YOUR GOOD DEED FOR TODAY.
COME ON IN THE BACK ROOM, DEACON, AND WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.
MOMENTS LATER...
QUITE A LOAD OF JEWELRY, HUH?
VERY NICE, VERY NICE INDEED!


WELL, HERE YOU ARE, BOYS...
THAT'S ALL WE GET?
I TAKE THE RISK OF DISPOSING OF THE STUFF, AND INFORMING YOU JUST WHEN ANYTHING OF VALUE IS COMING IN.
BUT WE DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK.
YEAH, IT'S DANGEROUS, TOO. WE ALMOST GOT CAUGHT THIS TRIP.
CAUGHT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SOME HOMBRE CAME RIDING DOWN ON US JUST AS WE WERE FINISHING OFF THE JOB.
YOU'D BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL IF YOU WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH ME.
DON'T WORRY. HE DIDN'T SPOT US. WE WERE MASKED.
I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TRACED TO ME. IT MIGHT DAMAGE MY--ER--REPUTATION.
SURE, BOSS. THAT'S QUITE A FRONT YOU'VE GOT. SOME DEACON--HA, HA!
YES, AND I DON'T WANT IT DAMAGED.
HERE'S THE MAIL, MR. GRIMES.
AH, JAKE! ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU. HANDLING THE MAIL IS THE ONLY REDEEMING FEATURE OF RUNNING THE THREE MONKEYS.
US MAIL


AND NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME. I'LL TEND TO THE MAIL.
SURE, DEACON.
AND INSIDE...
QUITE A PILE FOR NUGGET CLARK. HM, WONDER WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY?
THE TEMPTATION IS TOO GREAT. (SIGH.) MY CURIOSITY'S GOT THE BETTER OF ME.
A SHORT TIME AFTER...
WHERE DO I FIND NUGGET CLARK?
OUT AT THE CHANDLER RANCH.
HEY, DEACON, HE'S THE HOMBRE WHO SHOT AT US THIS AFTERNOON.
I WOULDN'T LIKE ANY INTERFERENCE WITH OUR PLANS JUST NOW, GRIF. NOT WITH ALL THE MONEY ARRIVING IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.
THERE WON'T BE ANY. I'LL SEE TO THAT.
BRAG, PICK UP A COUPLE OF THE BOYS AND FOLLOW ME. I'LL KEEP HIM IN SIGHT!
RIGHT, GRIF.

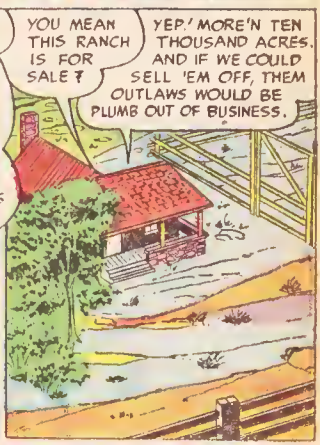

LATER, OUTSIDE OF TOWN...
THERE HE IS, MEN. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
WE SURE DO, GRIF.
AS THE GUNMEN ATTACK...
AN AMBUSH! I'D BETTER TRAVEL PRONTO.
BANG
BANG
THEY'RE A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT... BUT THAT BRANCH OF THE TRAIL GIVES ME AN IDEA.
JUST MADE IT. THIS COUNTRY SEEMS TO BE POWERFUL ROUGH ON STRANGERS.
THAT AFTERNOON ROCKY ARRIVES AT THE CHANDLER RANCH...
I'M NUGGET CLARK, STRANGER. FOREMAN OF THIS SPREAD.
I'M ROCKY LANE. I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU.

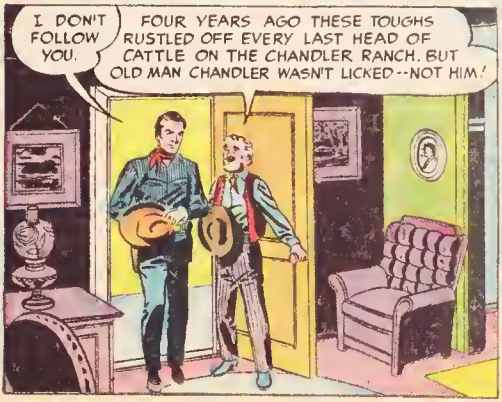

RAN INTO A MAN AND HIS DAUGHTER ABOUT THREE MILES OUT OF TOWN. HE'D JUST BEEN SHOT UP PRETTY BADLY BY OUTLAWS. HE ASKED ME TO BRING HIS DAUGHTER TO YOU.
WHY THAT MUST'VE BEEN BOB DAVIS AND HIS KID SUSIE. I WAS EXPECTING THEM.

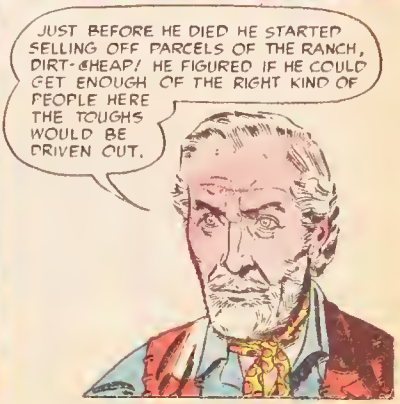

WHAT ABOUT SUSIE? DID YOU BRING HER?
SORRY, OLD TIMER, THEY'RE BOTH DEAD.


THEM MURDERING COYOTES! THAT'S ALL WE'VE HAD AROUND HERE FOR THE PAST YEAR, KILLING, ROBBERIES --A BODY AIN'T SAFE IN THESE PARTS NO MORE.
SO I FOUND OUT. FOUR MEN JUST TRIED TO JUMP ME ON MY WAY HERE.


PROBABLY GETTING EVEN WITH ME FOR BUTTING IN WHEN THEY BUSHWACKED DAVIS... BUT WHAT WAS DAVIS CARRYING THAT THOSE OUTLAWS WOULD WANT?
EVERYTHING HE HAD IN THE WORLD, I RECKON. HE AND SUSIE WERE MOVING OUT HERE TO BUY A SPREAD ON THIS RANCH.


YOU MEAN THIS RANCH IS FOR SALE?
YEP! MORE'N TEN THOUSAND ACRES. AND IF WE COULD SELL 'EM OFF, THEM OUTLAWS WOULD BE PLUMB OUT OF BUSINESS.


I DON'T FOLLOW YOU.
FOUR YEARS AGO THESE TOUGHS RUSTLED OFF EVERY LAST HEAD OF CATTLE ON THE CHANDLER RANCH. BUT OLD MAN CHANDLER WASN'T LICKED--NOT HIM!


JUST BEFORE HE DIED HE STARTED SELLING OFF PARCELS OF THE RANCH, DIRT-CHEAP! HE FIGURED IF HE COULD GET ENOUGH OF THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE HERE THE TOUGHS WOULD BE DRIVEN OUT.


SOUNDS AS IF HE HAD A GOOD IDEA.
OH, PLENTY OF FOLKS WERE WILLING TO SETTLE HERE; BUT THEY COULDN'T GET THROUGH THE OUTLAWS. THEY WERE AMBUSHED ON THE WAY.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LAW?
THEM OUTLAWS ARE TOO DANG SMART. SEEMS THEY ALWAYS KNOW JUST WHEN AND WHERE TO STRIKE.
EVER SEE THIS WATCH FOB BEFORE, NUGGET?
SURE, ON ONE OF THEM ROWDIES THAT HANGS AROUND DEACON GRIMES' HOTEL.
JUST THEN...
OH, EXCUSE ME...
GAIL, MEET ROCKY LANE. ROCKY, THIS IS GAIL WARREN.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY FOR SUPPER, MR. LANE?
THANKS, BUT I'D BETTER BE MOVING ON INTO TOWN.
AS GAIL RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN...
GAIL'S BEEN STAYING HERE WITH ME AND ROY SINCE HER FAMILY WAS KILLED TRYING TO GET THROUGH.
I SEE. AND WHO'S ROY?
ROY CHANDLER? THAT'S HIM HERE. WHY NOT STICK AROUND MEET HIM?
SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO HEAD TO TOWN RIGHT NOW.

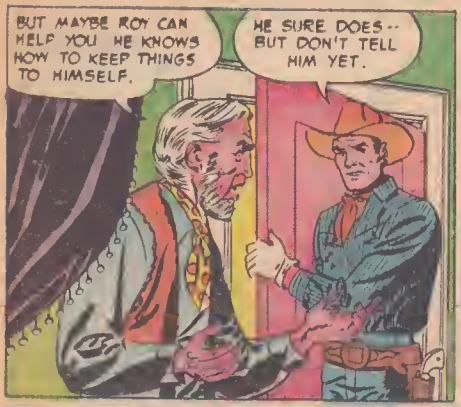

WELL, DROP IN ANY TIME YOU'RE AROUND THIS WAY, ROCKY.
THANKS, NUGGET, I WILL.
THAT EVENING...
HELLO, DEACON. I'M GOING TO PLAY A GAME IN THE BACK ROOM. BUT REMEMBER, - YOU DIDN'T SEE ME GO IN.
YOU KNOW MY MOTTO, ROY
OFFICE
YES, SEE NOTHING, HEAR NOTHING --
AND ESPECIALLY SAY NOTHING. ER -- SEE YOU LATER, ROY!
AH, GRIF. I HOPE YOUR MISSION WAS SUCCESSFUL.
WE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH THAT HOMBRE. HE'S PROBABLY ACROSS THE COUNTY LINE BY NOW.
BUT THEN...
IS HE? TAKE A LOOK OVER THERE.
IT'S HIM! WHAT'S HE WANT HERE?
I'M LOOKING FOR A LITTLE GAME.
MAYBE WE CAN OBLIGE YOU. OH, BOSS!
GOOD EVENING. I'M HARVEY GRIMES, THE OWNER.
THE NAME'S ROCKY LANE. I JUST GOT INTO TOWN AND THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD FIND A LITTLE ACTION HERE.

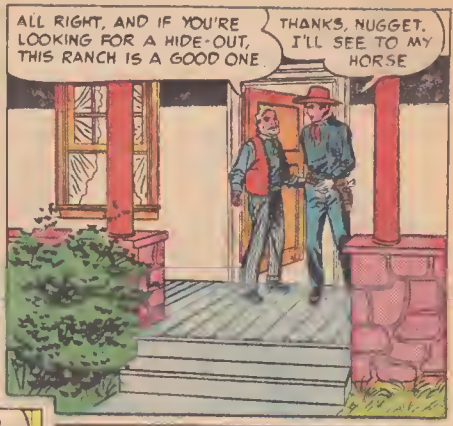

IF YOU'LL COME THIS WAY...
THANKS.
GAMBLING'S NOT MY STYLE, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'S THE WAY TO FIND THE MAN WHO OWNS THAT WATCH FOB.
OFFICE
GENTLEMEN, HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOMER.
SIT DOWN, MISTER.
SAY, THAT'S ROY CHANDLER. I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM HIS PHOTOGRAPH.
AFTER AN HOUR...
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT FINISHED MISTER.
I'VE STILL GOT SOME CHIPS LEFT.
I RAISE YOU TWO HUNDRED.
THAT TORN WATCH FOB! THEN HE'S THE ONE WHO SHOT DAVIS.
THIS OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TO CALL YOU.
THAT COYOTE WON'T DARE TO DRAW HIS GUN WHILE I HAVE THE DROP ON HIM.
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PULLING OUT MY WATCH FOB?

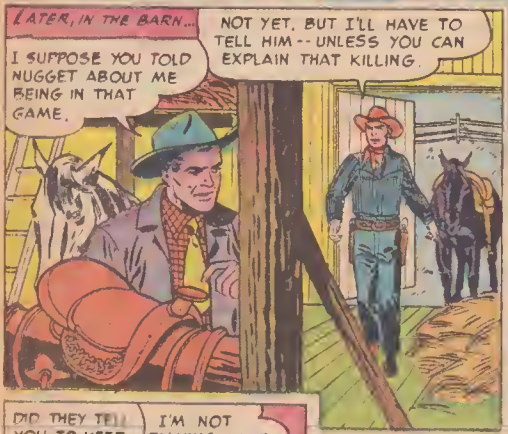

AND ROCKY READS THE FRIGHTENED TRUTH IN BRAG'S EYES...
F-FOUR QUEENS
CASH ME OUT, BOYS.
I'VE FOUND OUT ALL I WANT TO KNOW. THAT LOOK IN HIS FACE IS AS GOOD AS A CONFESSION. I'LL GO FOR THE SHERIFF!
I'LL BE SEEING YOU.
I'LL GO OUT THROUGH THIS SIDE DOOR IT'LL BE SAFER THAN THE REAR.
HEY! THAT'S MY WATCH FOB HE TOOK. THE ONE I LOST PART OF WHERE WE...
HOLD IT, BRAG! YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
BUT IF HE TELLS THE LAW WHERE HE FOUND THE OTHER HALF, HE CAN PIN THE WHOLE THING ON US!
YOU MEAN HE CAN PIN IT ON YOU!
YOU CAN'T CRAWL OUT OF THIS. YOU WERE.. EEEE)AH!
I SAID YOU TALKED TOO MUCH!
BLAM!
ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET OUT OF HERE QUICK! AND YOU, KID--BEAT IT AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.
ALL--ALL RIGHT, GRIF!
A SHOT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED IN THAT ROOM. I'D BETTER CHECK.


BUT AS ROCKY ENTERS THE ROOM...
HE KILLED BRAG. THE GUN'S STILL IN HIS HAND. GET THE SHERIFF!
THIS LOOKS BAD. I'D BETTER VAMOOSE.
ICE
SLAM!
THIS SHOULD HOLD THEM WHILE I MAKE MY GETAWAY THROUGH THE BACK DOOR!
THEY'LL BE WATCHING FOR ME AT THE END OF THE ALLEY. WAIT.' THAT OPEN WINDOW...
I'M GLAD THAT OLD BARREL WAS STANDING THERE.
AS ARMED MEN CROWD THE ALLEY, LOOKING FOR ROCKY, A WINDOW OPENS QUIETLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING AND...
THE COAST IS CLEAR. A GOOD THING I LEFT BLACK JACK OUT FRONT.
HERE I COME, OLD TIMER!
COME ON, BLACK JACK. LET'S HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF HERE, PRONTO!


SOON ROCKY ARRIVES AT THE CHANDLER RANCH...
WE COULDN'T WAIT DINNER ANY LONGER, ROY. GAIL HAD TO GO TO TOWN. WHERE WERE YOU?
ER...I WAS TALKING TO SOME OF THE FOLKS ABOUT THE SHOOTING IN TOWN.
YEH, I HEARD ABOUT IT. THEY'RE SAYING THAT FELLOW LANE DID IT.
ARE THEY?
LOOK, PARDNER, WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE! MAYBE IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, BUT IF YOU RUN AWAY YOU'LL BE HUNTED ALL YOUR LIFE.
ER--I'M GOING TO STABLE MY HORSE.
AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND ROY...
NUGGET, I DIDN'T KILL THAT FELLOW.
YOU'VE GOT TO PROVE THAT, LANE.
I CAN. I'M A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THE MOHICAN INSURANCE COMPANY.
WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED.
I WAS SENT TO FIND OUT ABOUT ALL THESE MURDERS AND ROBBERIES. MOST OF THOSE FOLKS WHO WERE DRY-GULCHED WERE INSURED WITH OUR COMPANY.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
I PREFERRED TO WORK UNDER COVER. DON'T TELL ANYONE.


BUT MAYBE ROY CAN HELP YOU HE KNOWS HOW TO KEEP THINGS TO HIMSELF.
HE SURE DOES -- BUT DON'T TELL HIM YET.


ALL RIGHT, AND IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A HIDE-OUT, THIS RANCH IS A GOOD ONE.
THANKS, NUGGET. I'LL SEE TO MY HORSE


LATER, IN THE BARN..
I SUPPOSE YOU TOLD NUGGET ABOUT ME BEING IN THAT GAME.
NOT YET. BUT I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM -- UNLESS YOU CAN EXPLAIN THAT KILLING.


I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM. YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME.
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T -- BUT YOU SEEM WILLING ENOUGH TO LET THEM THINK I DID.


DID THEY TELL YOU TO KEEP QUIET?
I'M NOT TALKING, LANE


WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CROWD AT THE SALOON?
TRYING TO GET SOME MONEY -- SO GAIL, NUGGET AND I CAN GET OUT OF HERE.

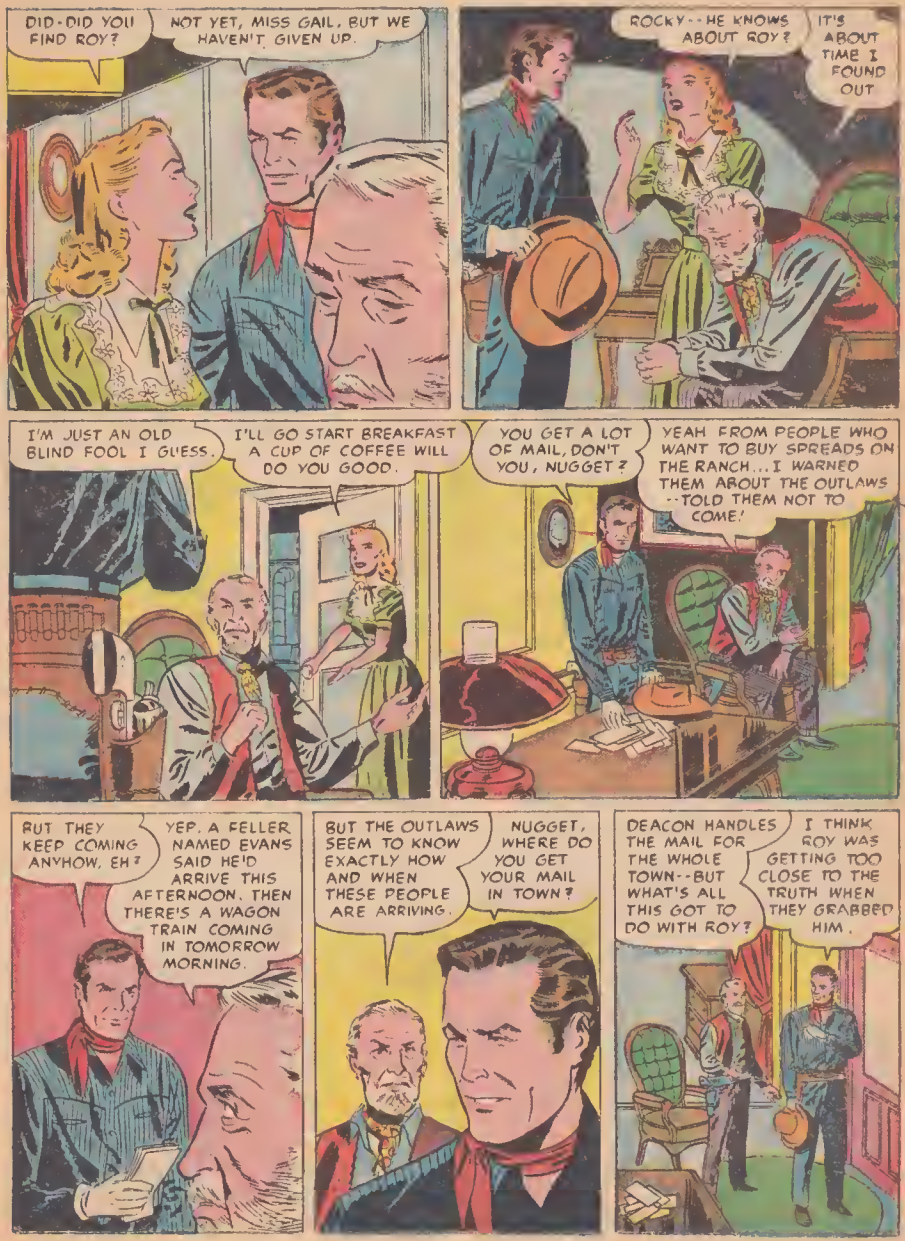

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S IDEA?
WHAT GOOD IS IT? THOUSANDS OF ACRES AND YOU CAN'T EVEN GIVE IT AWAY.

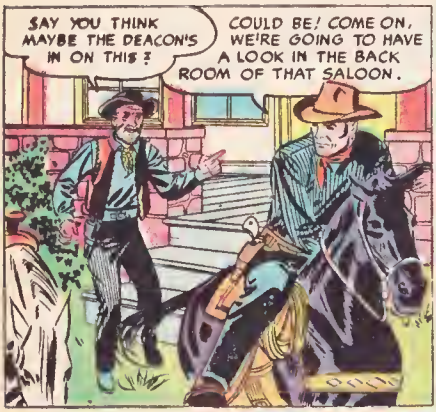

MAYBE THEY WOULDN'T THANK YOU IF THEY KNEW YOU WERE UP TO YOUR NECK IN MURDER.
I TELL YOU I DIDN'T KILL HIM IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE... SOME STRANGERS.
YOU'RE PROTECTING KILLERS NUGGET AND GAIL WOULD BE PROUD OF YOU
THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY, ROY. I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWER.
I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER, LANE! I'M GOING TO HANDLE THIS BY MYSELF.
LATER, AT THE DEACON'S PLACE.
ROY, I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU. WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME HOME FOR DINNER I...
I'VE BEEN BUSY
ROY, YOU'VE BEEN GAMBLING AGAIN. HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP THIS FROM NUGGET?
I WON'T HAVE TO! ROCKY LANE STRAIGHTENED ME OUT ON SOMETHING AND I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF IT NOW.
ROCKY LANE! BUT HE'S THE ONE WHO KILLED THAT MAN.
NO, HE DIDN'T. BUT YOU'D BETTER GO, GAIL. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO HERE.

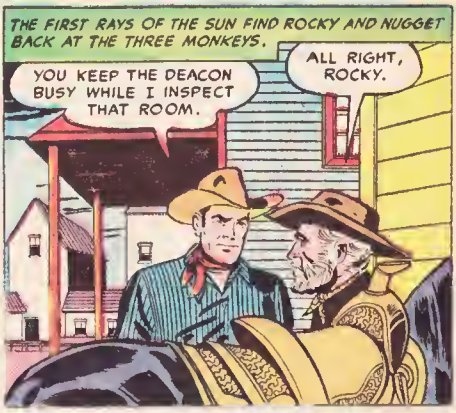

AS ROY ENTERS...
HELLO, DEACON, SEEN GRIF?
YOU KNOW MY MOTTO, ROY. I SEE NOTHING, HEAR NOTHING.
THIS IS IMPORTANT. I'VE GOT TO HAVE GRIF TELL THE SHERIFF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE BACK ROOM.
WELL, THAT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO! YOU WAIT IN BACK! I'LL FIND GRIF!
WELL, DID YOU FIND HIM?
YES, ROY. HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE SHERIFF? YOU'RE IN THIS, TOO!
BUT I'M NOT LETTING LANE GET BLAMED FOR KILLING BRAG.
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.
I TOLD YOU TO FORGET THAT. LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAVE TO TELL YOU ALL OVER AGAIN.
WOK!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH...
ROY SAID YOU WEREN'T A MURDERER. WAS THAT BECAUSE HE KNEW YOU WERE A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR?
NO, I DIDN'T TELL HIM. NOW, WHAT HAPPENED AT THE SALOON?
HE SAID YOU'D STRAIGHTENED HIM OUT ABOUT SOMETHING, AND HE WAS GOING TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
AND THEN HE WENT INSIDE?

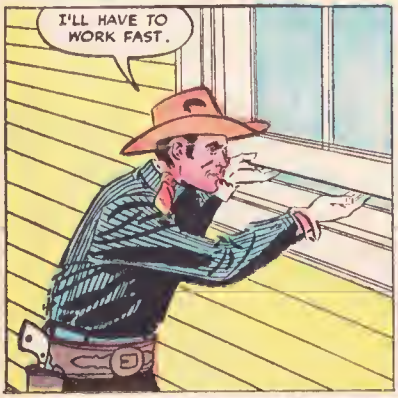

I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHAT ROY MEANT.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT ROY?
I'M AFRAID ROY'S IN TROUBLE. LET'S RIDE TO TOWN AND HELP HIM.
ROY IN TROUBLE? COME ON!
SOON...
NOW WHAT?
YOU GO INSIDE AND SEE IF HE'S THERE. I'LL STAY OUT HERE WHERE I WON'T BE SEEN.
SALOON
MEANWHILE, ROY REMAINS DEFIANT...
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO TO ME. I'M STILL GOING TO THE SHERIFF.
HOLD IT, GRIF. I'LL SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR.
NUGGET CLARK'S OUTSIDE LOOKING FOR ROY.
SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM.
MAYBE I OUGHT TO FINISH HIM OFF NOW.
NO! WE CAN KEEP HIM QUIET IN YOUR SHACK OUT IN THE HILLS. I'LL SEND THE BOYS TO HELP YOU TAKE HIM THERE.
MOMENTS LATER NUGGET REJOINS ROCKY AND...
ROY'S NOT THERE, BUT...
LOOK!

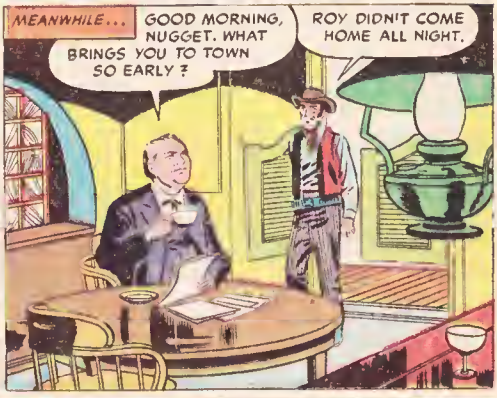

THAT'S ROY! HEY, YOU THERE!
WE'RE SPOTTED! FEED THEM LEAD!
THAT TAKES CARE OF TWO OF THEM. COME ON, NUGGET! THE OTHERS ARE GETTING AWAY!
THEY'VE GOT A START! WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!
MAYBE NOT, BUT WE'LL TRY TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL.
LATER, BACK AT THE RANCH...
NOT A SIGN OF HIM... IF HE'D ONLY TOLD ME ABOUT HANGING AROUND THE SALOON.
AT LEAST HE REALIZED HE WAS WRONG AND WAS TRYING TO DO THE RIGHT THING WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM.
MAYBE IF WE TOLD THE SHERIFF...
NOT YET. ROY STANDS A BETTER CHANCE OF STAYING ALIVE IF THOSE COYOTES DON'T THINK THE SHERIFF'S AFTER THEM.

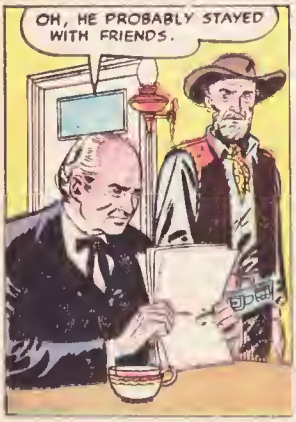

DID-DID YOU FIND ROY?
NOT YET, MISS GAIL, BUT WE HAVEN'T GIVEN UP.
ROCKY--HE KNOWS ABOUT ROY?
IT'S ABOUT TIME I FOUND OUT
I'M JUST AN OLD BLIND FOOL I GUESS.
I'LL GO START BREAKFAST A CUP OF COFFEE WILL DO YOU GOOD.
YOU GET A LOT OF MAIL, DON'T YOU, NUGGET?
YEAH FROM PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BUY SPREADS ON THE RANCH...I WARNED THEM ABOUT THE OUTLAWS --TOLD THEM NOT TO COME!
BUT THEY KEEP COMING ANYHOW, EH?
YEP. A FELLER NAMED EVANS SAID HE'D ARRIVE THIS AFTERNOON. THEN THERE'S A WAGON TRAIN COMING IN TOMORROW MORNING.
BUT THE OUTLAWS SEEM TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW AND WHEN THESE PEOPLE ARE ARRIVING.
NUGGET, WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR MAIL IN TOWN?
DEACON HANDLES THE MAIL FOR THE WHOLE TOWN--BUT WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH ROY?
I THINK ROY WAS GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH WHEN THEY GRABBED HIM.


SAY YOU THINK MAYBE THE DEACON'S IN ON THIS?
COULD BE! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK IN THE BACK ROOM OF THAT SALOON.


THE FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN FIND ROCKY AND NUGGET BACK AT THE THREE MONKEYS.
YOU KEEP THE DEACON BUSY WHILE I INSPECT THAT ROOM.
ALL RIGHT, ROCKY.


I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST.


MEANWHILE...
GOOD MORNING, NUGGET. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO TOWN SO EARLY?
ROY DIDN'T COME HOME ALL NIGHT.


OH, HE PROBABLY STAYED WITH FRIENDS.


I'M AWFULLY WORRIED ABOUT ROY, DEACON.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE'S A GOOD BOY.


I-I'VE HEARD HE'S BEEN COMING IN HERE TO GAMBLE.
WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, HE HAS. I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU BECAUSE ... WELL, I KNEW HOW YOU'D FEEL.


IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF YOU HAD TOLD ME.!
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN ASSURE YOU HE ISN'T HERE.
OFFICE
JUST TO EASE YOUR MIND, WE'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE BACK ROOM.
NO.! TH-THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DEACON, I BELIEVE YOU.
HE MUSTN'T OPEN THAT DOOR. ROCKY'S IN THERE.
BUT THE DEACON OPENS THE DOOR AND...
S-S-SURE, DEACON.
LOOK FOR YOURSELF. YOU'LL EXCUSE ME. WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, WE'LL HAVE COFFEE.
IT'S ROCKY. THE DEACON CAN'T SEE HIM BEHIND THE DOOR.
AS THE DOOR CLOSES...
MAYBE, NUGGET. NOW GET BACK OUT FRONT.! I'LL MEET YOU LATER AT HOME.
WHEW.! THAT WAS CLOSE.! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?
LATER AT THE RANCH...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ROCKY?
COMPARING THIS POKER CHIP I FOUND IN THE DEACON'S BACK ROOM WITH THE SEALS ON THESE LETTERS OF YOURS.
WHY, THE DO-DADS ON THEM SEALS IS JUST LIKE THE MARKINGS ON THE POKER CHIP.
THAT'S RIGHT - WHICH MEANS SOMEBODY'S BEEN READING YOUR MAIL, NUGGET.!

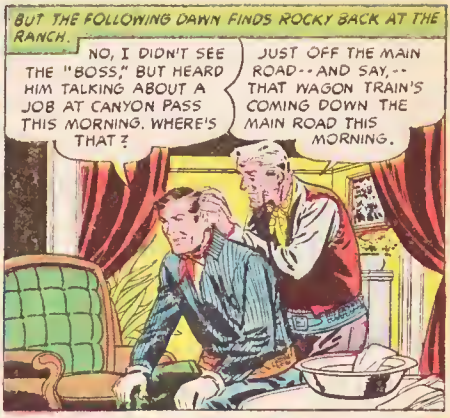

THEY OPENED THE LETTERS, THEN RESEALED THE FLAPS. BUT WHEN THEY PATCHED UP THE WAX SEALS, THEY MADE THE MISTAKE OF USING THE SAME SEAL FOR ALL THE LETTERS -- THIS POKER CHIP.
THEN THE DEACON IS GUILTY!
MAYBE, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT. ANYONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN HOLD OF A CHIP.
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. SO THAT'S HOW THEY'VE BEEN FINDING OUT WHEN FOLKS WERE DUE TO ARRIVE.
DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMEBODY WAS COMING TODAY?
YEAH, A FELLOW NAMED EVANS IS DUE THIS AFTERNOON.
WE'RE GOING TO MEET HIM. BRING AN EXTRA GUN!
THAT AFTERNOON, NUGGET AND ROCKY SEE THE OUTLAWS ATTACK...
THAT MUST BE EVANS' WAGON THEY'RE SHOOTING UP. GET GOING!
OKAY, ROCKY. I'LL FOLLOW THE WAGON AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THIS RIDGE.
BANG BANG
THAT BEND IN THE TRAIL GIVES ME A CHANCE TO CLIMB INTO THE WAGON WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY THE OUTLAWS!
THE DRIVER TURNS AT THE NOISE BEHIND HIM, AND...
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT. NOW PULL UP THOSE HORSES.
Y-YES SIR!


AS THE OUTLAWS RIDE UP TO THE WAGON A FUSILADE OF SHOTS COMES FROM THE NEARBY RIDGE.
HANDS UP! MY MEN ON THE RIDGE HAVE COVERED YOU.
BANG! BANG! BANG!
FOOLED BY ROCKY'S RUSE, THE OUTLAWS DROP THEIR GUNS...
YOU'RE GONNA GET HURT, HOMBRE. THE BOSS WON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF YOU MOVING IN
TELL YOUR BOSS I KNOW JUST WHEN WAGONS ARE COMING IN AND I'M AIMING TO GRAB THEM FOR MYSELF UNLESS HE WANTS TO JOIN IN WITH ME.
IF HE DOES, THERE'S AN OLD DESERTED RELAY STATION ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE ROAD. HE CAN MEET ME THERE AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT.
AS THE MASKED MEN DISAPPEAR DOWN THE TRAIL...
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS I'M NOT AN OUTLAW AND YOU'RE NOT IN TROUBLE.
HOW'D I DO ROCKY?
FINE! NOW LET'S GET EVANS TO YOUR RANCH AND KEEP THE WAGON OUT OF SIGHT.
AN HOUR LATER..
IF LANE KNOWS AS MUCH AS HE CLAIMS TO HE CAN MOVE IN ON OUR WHOLE SET-UP. I'LL MEET HIM AND FIND OUT JUST WHAT HIS GAME IS. BE BACK HERE AT ELEVEN TONIGHT.
OKAY, DEACON.

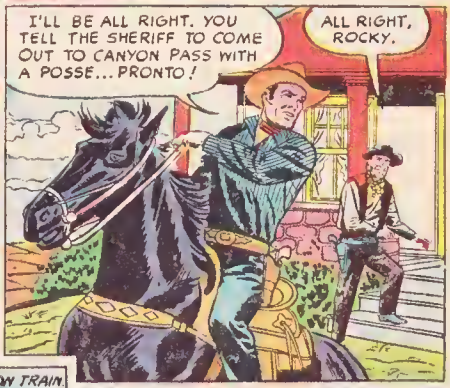

BUT THAT NIGHT AS THE DEACON IS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH ROCKY.
OH, MISTER GRIMES, HAVE YOU SEEN ROY? HE HASN'T BEEN HOME SINCE YESTERDAY.
WHY NO, GAIL, I HAVEN'T.
I'M WORRIED. NUGGET AND ROCKY LANE WERE OUT LOOKING FOR HIM ALL LAST NIGHT, BUT··
NUGGET AND LANE?
LANE'S WANTED FOR MURDER. IF NUGGET'S HABORING A CRIMINAL I'M AFRAID THE SHERIFF WILL HAVE TO BE TOLD.
BUT, MR. GRIMES, ROCKY'S AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR.
THEN, OF COURSE HE COULDN'T BE A KILLER.
NO. BUT PLEASE DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT. HE'S WORKING UNDER COVER.
I WON'T, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ROY. I'M SURE MISTER LANE IS VERY CAPABLE.
GOOD NIGHT AND THANKS, MISTER GRIMES.
GRIF, OUR FRIEND, MISTER LANE IS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR AN INSURANCE COMPANY.
WHAT?
WE'LL STILL MEET HIM·· BUT NOT THE WAY HE THINKS.
SA
ON

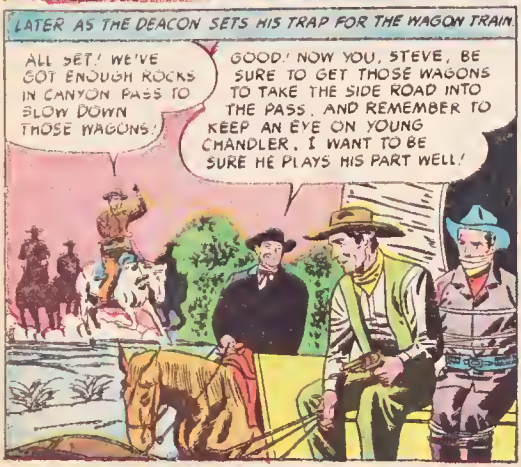

LATER AT THE ABANDONED RELAY STATION...
HOWDY, LANE. THE BOSS IS BACK THERE ALONG THE TRAIL.
TELL HIM TO COME HERE.
ROCKY IS UNAWARE OF A SHADOW MOVING BEHIND HIM.
ALL RIGHT, BOSS. I FOUND LANE
I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO IT IS.
VERY NICE, HANK. NOW WE WON'T HAVE ANY INTERFERENCE WITH THAT JOB AT CANYON PASS TOMORROW MORNING.
KLUNK
NOW LET'S GET RID OF HIM--ONCE AND FOR ALL.
LET HANK ATTEND TO THAT. YOU AND I HAVE LOTS TO DO AT CANYON PASS. BESIDES, I NEVER COULD STAND THE SIGHT OF VIOLENCE.
RELAY
BUT ROCKY HAS REVIVED.
HE'S CHECKING HIS GUN BEFORE HE FINISHES ME OFF. NOW'S MY CHANCE.
GOT YOU!
ARRGH!
BANG!


AS DOWN THE TRAIL...
GUESS HE WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE, DEACON
WELL, GRIF, SO MUCH FOR MISTER LANE
BANG

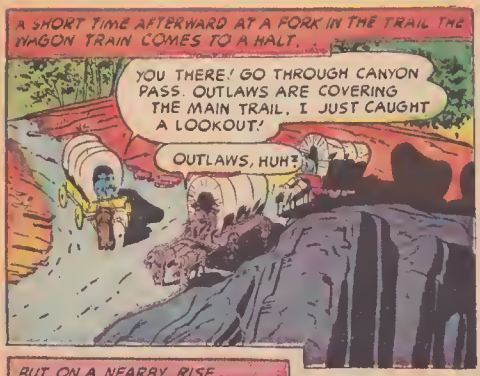

BUT THE FOLLOWING DAWN FINDS ROCKY BACK AT THE RANCH.
NO, I DIDN'T SEE THE "BOSS," BUT HEARD HIM TALKING ABOUT A JOB AT CANYON PASS THIS MORNING. WHERE'S THAT?
JUST OFF THE MAIN ROAD--AND SAY,--THAT WAGON TRAIN'S COMING DOWN THE MAIN ROAD THIS MORNING.

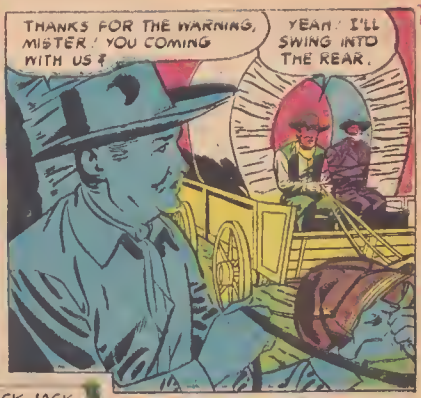

COME ON, NUGGET, WE'VE GOT TO GET MOVING.
BUT, ROCKY, YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION.


I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. YOU TELL THE SHERIFF TO COME OUT TO CANYON PASS WITH A POSSE... PRONTO!
ALL RIGHT, ROCKY.

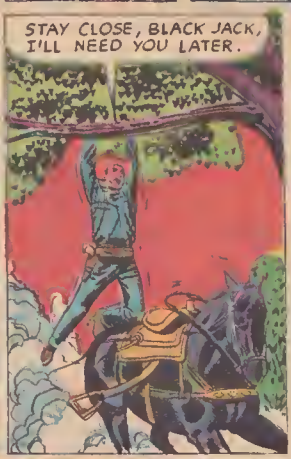

LATER AS THE DEACON SETS HIS TRAP FOR THE WAGON TRAIN
ALL SET! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ROCKS IN CANYON PASS TO SLOW DOWN THOSE WAGONS!
GOOD! NOW YOU, STEVE, BE SURE TO GET THOSE WAGONS TO TAKE THE SIDE ROAD INTO THE PASS. AND REMEMBER TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOUNG CHANDLER. I WANT TO BE SURE HE PLAYS HIS PART WELL!


AND WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THE JOB, YOU CAN MEET ME BACK AT THE HOTEL.
ALL RIGHT, STEVE, GET GOING! WE'LL FOLLOW ALONG THE RIDGE UNTIL YOU GET THE WAGONS INTO THE PASS.


A SHORT TIME AFTERWARD AT A FORK IN THE TRAIL THE WAGON TRAIN COMES TO A HALT.
YOU THERE! GO THROUGH CANYON PASS. OUTLAWS ARE COVERING THE MAIN TRAIL. I JUST CAUGHT A LOOKOUT!
OUTLAWS, HUH?


THANKS FOR THE WARNING, MISTER! YOU COMING WITH US?
YEAH! I'LL SWING INTO THE REAR.

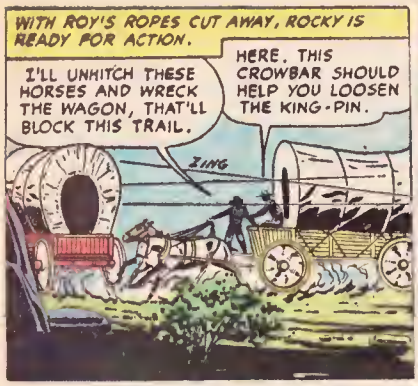

BUT ON A NEARBY RISE...
THERE THEY GO TOWARD CANYON PASS! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO SAVE THAT WAGON TRAIN AND ROY CHANDLER, TOO. COME ON, BLACK JACK, I WANT TO HEAD 'EM OFF!

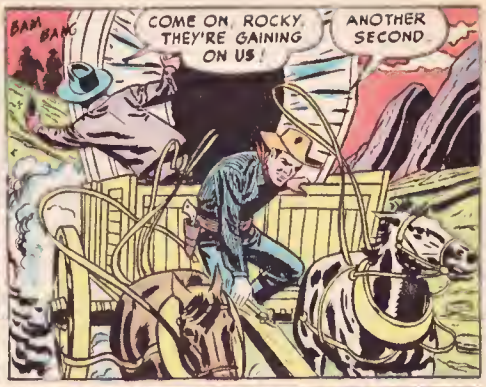

STAY CLOSE, BLACK JACK, I'LL NEED YOU LATER.


THEN AS THE OUTLAW'S WAGON MOVES PAST...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE RIDER FIRST.

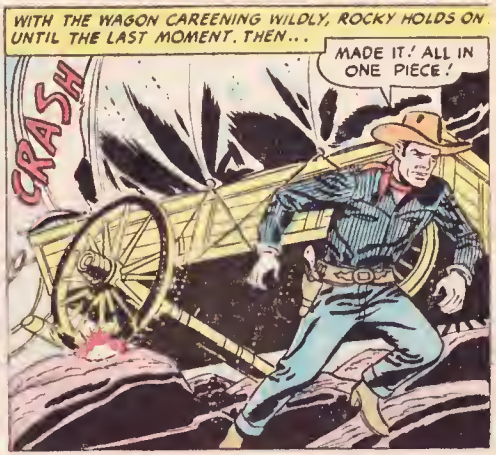

POW!

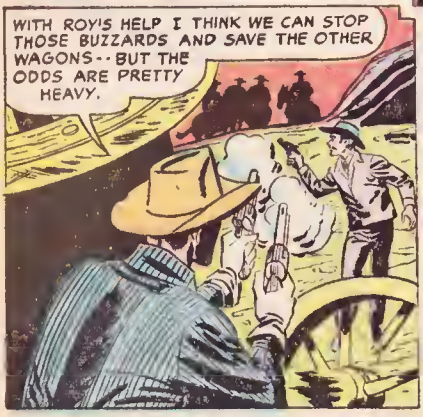

ROCKY, THEY'RE HEADING THE WAGON TRAIN INTO A TRAP.
I KNOW! THE SHOOTING'S STARTED ALREADY! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET YOU UNTIED FIRST.
SING


WITH ROY'S ROPES CUT AWAY, ROCKY IS READY FOR ACTION.
I'LL UNHITCH THESE HORSES AND WRECK THE WAGON, THAT'LL BLOCK THIS TRAIL.
HERE. THIS CROWBAR SHOULD HELP YOU LOOSEN THE KING-PIN.
ZING


BAM BAM
COME ON, ROCKY. THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
ANOTHER SECOND


THE PIN'S GIVING WAY! JUMP, ROY, JUMP!


WITH THE WAGON CAREENING WILDLY, ROCKY HOLDS ON UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT. THEN...
CRASH
MADE IT! ALL IN ONE PIECE!


WITH ROY'S HELP I THINK WE CAN STOP THOSE BUZZARDS AND SAVE THE OTHER WAGONS--BUT THE ODDS ARE PRETTY HEAVY.


THE OUTLAWS POUR A RELENTLESS FIRE INTO THE MAKESHIFT BARRICADE! BUT SUDDENLY...
THERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF. JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU.
IT'S A POSSE! SCATTER AND HEAD FOR COVER, MEN!


AS THE OUTLAWS RUN, BLACK JACK APPEARS...
GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK. YOU'RE ALWAYS AROUND WHEN I NEED YOU! ROY-- WAIT HERE AND REPORT TO THE SHERIFF! I'M FOLLOWING THOSE OUTLAWS!
GOOD LUCK, ROCKY!
BLACK JACK'S HEART AND HOOFS ARE EQUAL TO THE CHASE...AND SOON...
THERE HE GOES INTO THE DEACON'S PLACE.
HOLD IT, GRIF! MOVE AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
ROCKY LANE!
IT'S ALL OVER, GRIF. YOU WANT TO GO ALONE OR ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHO YOU WORK FOR.
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME.
NO, WHAT ABOUT THAT HOLD-UP OF EVANS, AND THAT ATTACK ON THE WAGON TRAIN? THAT'S ENOUGH TO...
DROP YOUR GUN, LANE.
THE DEACON, EH? I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE BEHIND ALL THIS.
I NEVER DID LIKE VIOLENCE IN MY PLACE. SO, GRIF, I THINK WE'LL TAKE MISTER LANE OUT AND...
YOU'RE TAKING ME NOWHERE, DEACON!
SOK


GRIF GOES FOR ROCKY'S GUN, BUT..
I SAID YOU WERE THROUGH, GRIF... AND I MEAN IT.
SOK
BUT AS ROCKY TURNS...
HE'S CRAWLING FOR THAT SIX-GUN! I'VE GOT TO REACH MY GUN FIRST!
MADE IT!
EEE-E-YAH!
BANG!
NEXT DAY AT THE CHANDLER RANCH...
WE'RE SURE DOING A LAND-OFFICE BUSINESS. TEN MORE FAMILIES COMING IN TODAY!
THE TOWN'S GOING TO BE JUST LIKE YOUR DAD WANTED, ROY ...THANKS TO ROCKY LANE, BUT WHERE IS HE?
THERE HE GOES - THE FINEST HOMBRE IN THE WEST. I WANTED HIM TO STAY, BUT HE AND BLACK JACK HAVE FAR OFF TRAILS TO RIDE.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of MOTION PICTURE COMICS, published bi-monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1950.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of MOTION PICTURE COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, John Graham, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. King, Oxnard, Cal.; Gloria Leary, Oxnard, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1950.
(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY.
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1953.)





THUNDERING HOOFS
BEAT A TATTOO
OF TERROR IN

"COVERED WAGON RAID"

A REPUBLIC PICTURES' GREAT WESTERN STARRING

"ROCKY" LANE